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TO WANT AND TO HAVE.

In a late lecture to the farmers on scientific agriculture, it was pointed out that, when a hill-side is left undrained, its dampness forms an attraction to clouds to come and discharge themselves on that hill; so that what least needs moisture, and is most apt to be injured by it, is the most apt to have it; while land where care has been taken to do away with humidity, is likely to remain exempt from all such additions of that evil. This natural fact serves to recall certain reflections which we often have occasion to make upon human affairs.

Things somehow seem so constituted, as to be always unfavourable to the person who *wants*, whether it be in natural endowment or in worldly wealth.

When a boy is put to school, if he be of ordinary, or say below ordinary talent, it might be presumed that he had the greater need of assistance from the teacher. But does he get such extra assistance? Assuredly not. The master proceeds as well as he can with the bright and the tolerably bright, who would do passing well without him. The dull he leaves to form a residuum of repose at the bottom of the class, to the mortification of anxious parents and the dismay of hopeful grandfathers. Thus, because the poor fellows have been treated ungenerously by nature, they must be treated ungenerously by man too. Because they want, they remain unsatisfied. Requiring a push, for that very reason they do not get it. Being helpless, they must remain without help. It seems the very contrary of what is called for in the case, by common sense; for better, one would say, leave the clever and inherently active to their own energies, and bring on the laggards, so as to induce a kind of equality between the two sets. But the ways of the world are different, and it would be more than is to be expected of mortal pedagogy, to suppose that he was to give up the feeding of those who take their meat kindly, and appear to thrive upon it, and devote himself to a struggle with the intellectual languor of the dunces.

Who, again, is the favourite at the bar for employment before railway committees? It is not any of the great horde of young men who go about endeavouring to look smart, knowing, and engaged, but who in reality have nearly the whole of their time upon their hands. No; it is the man who is known to be utterly oppressed with the amount of his business, so as to have hardly the least chance of being able to spare five minutes for the case when it comes on. Agents have more hope from the moments of this man than from the days and weeks of those who have no business. The disqualification of the young man is, that he is without that which he desires to have. It is an insuperable ground of suspicion against him, that he has time to execute what he undertakes. For why has he time? Were he highly fitted for his employment, he would get employment;

he would then have no time. Thus things seem to go with him in a vicious circle. Because he wants business, he does not get it. Because he does not get it, he wants it. The wonder is, how any one in such circumstances ever gets business. Perhaps it happens thus. If he be a clever person, little casual matters in the course of time come his way, and break the spell. By using these advantages well, he ultimately surmounts the difficulty.

It has ever been observed, that the destruction of the poor is their poverty. Because they are penniless, they get no pennies, or only pennies. Because, from their narrow means, they would require to obtain everything cheap, they are just for that reason obliged to buy everything dear. If they require a loan, probably they have to pay three times the interest upon it which is demanded from persons in better circumstances. Fortune, perhaps, makes them an offer once in a lifetime; but often, from their want of funds, they have to forego it, and it is snapped up by their wealthy neighbour, who so little needs it, that he is hardly sensible of its making any increase to his means. The man who *has* thrives, indeed, just because he *has*. He has money—men become his creditors without fear. He has money—the customer is sure he can afford to keep the largest stock and the best article, and sell at the smallest profit. It is not only that himself works; the money works too. It is like having so many more hands. Here, as in the case of the barrister, the first steps are the great difficulty. It generally requires excessive self-denial and dexterity to make the first accumulations; and it is usually long before they are made. But with the smallest advantage of this kind in one's favour, the next steps are always easier, until at length the money seems to make itself.

If increase of means be the more difficult in proportion to the smallness of means, it is easy to see how inequality in this respect must always tend to exaggerate itself. In a country where fortunes, from whatever cause, are unusually various, and men are all free to advance their individual interests, the house of *Have* must enjoy an uncommon degree of advantage over the rest of the community. The members of that family, having the disposition of all things in their favour, will continually tend to become richer in proportion to their neighbours. It will show itself in the contrast between the master and his thousands of workers, in the power of the wholesale trader over retailers, in the voracity of the blood-sucking private-bill discounter, and of banks generally, over men of little capital. Even in literature it will make its appearance; and the man of intellect will be the working slave of the brute-force Capital, personified in the bookseller. It may not make any man absolutely worse off than he would have been otherwise; but the multitude will feel relatively worse; because they have a more painful subject of invidiousness and

jealousy set up before them, and are less able, by any personal merits or exertions of their own, to escape from the *Want* to the *Have* party. There will always, indeed, be a possibility of passing into the domains of *Have*; because there is no amount of self-denial which men will not be found capable of exemplifying, and natural and acquired talents, with a little good fortune, will always be performing wonders. But the difficulty will be great for the mass to make any such transitions. Nor does it appear that there is any natural check to this progress, besides the limitation imposed upon the power of obtaining suitable hired assistance in the higher departments of business, and the conclusion which death and the failure of natural power put to all great mercantile, as well as heroic conquests. In a system of independent individual exertion, such a progress must go on—as long as human nature can endure it. But it were a libel on Providence to suppose that such a plan is that designed to form the perfection of human society. It will have its era, and then pass away.

We have, meanwhile, this consolation under a system which obviously produces vast evils, that it is an active system. It evokes human powers, and strains them to the uttermost. There is no dallying or languor in this form of the human problem. Work is done—physical difficulties are smoothed down—the field is prepared for whatever better system is in store. Let us, then, make the best, as individuals, of a plan which we evidently cannot, as individuals, control. Wealth is power—let the power be used for good ends. Social influence involves a responsibility towards moral objects; let it be so used accordingly. Let due encouragement be given to the civilising influences which, notwithstanding all drawbacks, real and apparent, are constantly at work amongst us. Thus we may hope that, as the spirit of chivalry brightens the memory of the age of rude baronial power, so shall there be a glory on the page which commemorates even this mechanical and money-making era—the glory of an enlarged humanity working towards noble issues, even in the midst of what we might sometimes think a more sordid kind of selfishness than any which has ever before become conspicuous upon earth.

THE OLD BACHELOR IN THE OLD SCOTTISH VILLAGE.*

THIS is the title of a little volume, half descriptive, half fictitious, by a gentleman who is known in literary circles in our northern land as a successful writer of verses. The tales, by which a large portion of the volume is filled, are, in general, not characteristic; but the chapters devoted to simple village scenes, life, and character, must strike every one qualified to judge, as in many parts faithfully reflective of the subject. And yet Mr Aird is not the best qualified kind of person for such homely painting. He is too fine and poetical, too much given to effusions of pathetic sentiment. Often we find his villagers expressing feelings of deep affection in the various relations of life: an entire mistake, as we apprehend it; for in all our experience of Scottish life, we never yet knew an instance of such feelings being expressed in words. The Scotoman never tells his child or his parents, or his brothers or sisters, that he has any regard for them—not even in the most exigent circumstances: he leaves his acts to speak for him.

The book appears as written by one who returns from fortune-seeking, in middle life, unmarried, to spend the remainder of his days in his native village. The pic-

ture of his home and little library, and the sketches of his simple neighbours, are interesting, and often a strain of beautiful moralising is indulged in. It appears to us that the following bit of painting is perfect:—"The most uncomfortable weather on earth is the breaking up of a snow-storm at a lonely farm-house in the country, on a cold and clayey bottom. The sickly feeling of reading a book by the fire in the forenoon could still be endured, were there a book to read; but there is not a fresh page in the house. Out, then, you must sally; but what to do? The hills are cheerlessly spotted; the untelted snow is still lying, up the furrows with indentations, like the backbone of a red herring; a cold blashy rain is driven from the spongy west by a wind that would certainly blow you away, did not your feet stick fast in the mud, as you wade along the sludgy road. Determined to have some exercise, you set your face winkingly against the storm, and make for the black Scotch firs on the hill-side. Finding no shelter, you return to the farm soaked to the skin, and the leather of your shoes like boiled tripe. Hearing the fanners at work in the barn, you make for the stir; and winking against the stour as you bolt in, step up to the ankles in chaff, which sticks to you like a bar. The dusty atmosphere clings lovingly to you, and in a trice you are cased in drab. The luxury of clean dry clothes is now fairly earned: the change is truly an enjoyment, and doubly so in helping you to loiter away an hour. But would, would the evening were come! Such were the leading features of a late visit I paid to a farming acquaintance some three miles off from our village. I don't like such visits at all now. I confess myself afraid of unused bed-rooms, glazed curtains, and cold sheets. Ah! I fear I am getting old."

Equally perfect in description and in feeling is an account of the wild fruit put by October in the attainment of a Caledonian youth. "In quantity and in quality there is always a natural correspondence between the wild and home fruit of the season: so the wild, like the home, is very abundant this year upon the whole. Haws, however, are rather scanty. Indeed the hawthorn is a capricious and delicate plant in this respect, and seldom yields a very good crop. Even in seasons when the flower (chivalrously called "Ladies' Meat") covers the long line of hedges as with a snowy sheet, and delights every nose of sensibility in the parish, we are by no means sure of a harvest of haws entirely correspondent; as the blossom, with the first set of the fruit, is exceedingly tender. Well do the boys know the fat ones. Hips (called in some parts of Scotland jupes) are a fair yield this harvest, whether smooth or hairy, hard or buttery. That all-devouring gourmand, the school-boy, who crams every crudity into his maw, from the sour mouth-screwing crab up (though down in literal position) to the Swedish turnip, sweetened by the frost, riots in the luxury of the hip, caring not how much the downy seeds may canker and chap the wicks of his mouth, and render his nails an annoyance in scratching his neck. See the little urchin slyly watching the exit of the "lang" cart from the stackyard; then jumping in from behind, he takes his seat on the cross-bench, or ventures to stand erect by the help of the pitchfork, his black, dirt-barkened little feet overcrept by earwigs, beetles, and long-legged spinners, the living and hither-and-thither-running residuum of the last cartload of peas; till, when the half-cleared field is reached, Flibbertigibbet, who ought all the while to be "gathering," bolts through a slap in the hedge, and is down upon the buttery hips in the Whitelee braes. Our hedgerows, sandy banks, and wild stony places, are quite black with brambles this autumn. Clean them from the worms of the thousand-and-one flies that feed on them, and they are capital for jelly and jam; and for painting children's faces, as we see every day in the by-lanes around our village. The bramble is called in Roxburghshire (*honi soit qui mal y pense*) "Ladies' Garters." There, however, the land being mostly a stiff clay, it thrives poorly. It loves a sharp sandy soil, and espe-

* By Thomas Aird. Small octavo. Edinburgh: Myles Macphail. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

cially those rough stony knowes in the middle of fields, where also in the warm still sunny days of harvest you startle the whirring partridge, and see her feathers where she has been fluttering in the stour, and where you hear the whins, with their opening capsules, crackling on the sun-dried braes. Blaeberries were abundant this year, and ripe in the beginning of July. The barberry bears a fair crop. In my boyish days this bush was called gule-tree; and we made yellow ink of it, to give a variety of flourish to our valentines to the little lasses—from whom we got pins in return to be played for at tee-totum. Ill fares the poor gean-tree by the roadside, torn down and dismantled in all its branches by the village urchins, bent at once on provender and "papes." Scarcely ever does its fruit see the first blush of red. A guinea for a ripe black gean within three miles of a country school! The juniper is a scarce bush; but it has plenty of fruit this year—green, red, and black—on the different exposures of its close-matted evergreen branches. In my days of childhood, I had a sort of religious regard for the juniper, from the "coals of juniper" mentioned in Scripture along with "sharp arrows of the mighty;" and also from the circumstance that I had never seen the berries till they were brought me by my granny, who plucked them on a remote hill-side, as she came from a Cameronian sacrament. So far as eating was concerned, their resinous tang of fir helped my veneration, and I never got beyond chewing one or two. I am compelled to add, however, that my reverence for the holy berries was considerably abated when I found out that the sly old wife had popped a dozen or two of them into her own whisky bottle, to give it the flavour of gin. Crabs are not so plentiful as might have been expected; and (as Johnson said of Churchill) their spontaneous abundance being their only virtue, they are below notice this season. But look at the seed of the ash—how thick! The light green bunches of it, relieved against the somewhat darker verdure of the leaf, make it well seen, and the whole thing has a very rich effect. The pods of the pea-tree (*laburnum*) hang from every branch in clusters. When ripe, the peas are glossy black as jet, and are much sought after by bits of country lasses for making necklaces of beads—for the little monkeys have early notions of finery. They are unsafe to be meddled with, however, as they are very poisonous. It is worthy of remark that, come good year or bad year, the pea-tree never fails to have loads of depending flowers as thick as swarms of bees a-sleeping; and the fruit is always equally abundant. Of all plants, and shrubs, and trees in garden and field, and on the mountain sides, none is to be compared in this respect with the prolific pea-tree. It is one of nature's richest gifts to adorn our hedgerows. The wood, I may add, is extremely beautiful, and that the turner knows right well.

The rowan-tree, the beauty of the hills and the terror of witches, is red all over with berries this autumn. May she ever see her fair blushing face in the sleeping crystal of the mountain pool! Her berries are also for beads. The boor-tree, famous for bullet-guns, bored with a red-hot old spindle, and tow-charged, in the days of boyhood, is also very rich this autumn with her small black-purple berries. "Miss Jeanie" would not take the "Laird o' Cockpen" when she was making the "elder-flower wine;" let him try her again in this the time of the elder-berry vintage: she is herself elder now, and has had time to think better of his offer; not to say that a sip of the richer berry may have softened her heart. Never had the "bummie" such a "summer high in bliss" as this year among the honied flowers of the lime. The autumn of its fruit is not less exuberant. The ground where it grows is quite littered with the small round seed. The broom is all over black with its thin pods. Plantagenet, more swain-like than king-like, has coined his glory of summer bullion into a bushel of peas. Mushrooms, in their fairy rings in the rich old unploughed pastures, are a fair crop this season. By the way, when does the mush-

room come first? Tom Campbell, in his "Rainbow," says—

"The earth to thee its income yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs."

Now, the lark ceases to sing early in July; and I rather think, Thomas, the mushroom is rarely seen till August; what say you? But I refer the matter to William Wordsworth, that master martinet of poetical accuracy. Meanwhile, having thrown Thomas this metaphorical nut to crack, I go on to the literal nuts; and I beg to say that their white young clusters are almost the loveliest fruit that grows in glen or shaw. Now, however, they are glossy brown, and lots of them. So mask yourself, gentle swain, in the most tattered gear you can muster (buckakin breeches, if you have them), as recommended in the said William Wordsworth's poem of "Nutting," and, bag and crook in hand, sallie forth with your lady-love, bedizened like Otway's witch in the "Orphan," and Pan speed you! And if any lurker, on the spy system, among the bushes, hear you drawing a simile from the hazels among which you are in praise of your sweetheart's eyes, why, he can only take you at worst for King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. So still speed you! Sloes, being harsh and salivating in their sourness, are almost always plentiful; for Dame Nature is a queer old economist, giving us fine things sparingly, but lots of the coarse. But ah! Flibbertigibbet aforesaid delights in the sloe. No matter how deceptively that blue-purple down, or rather film, of seeming ripeness veils the sullen green of harsh immaturity; it's all one to "Ill Tam." Away he goes with his pocketful, whooping through the dry stubble fields to the village cow-herd boy on the common, who, smitten with the eager hope of company in his cheerless waiting on, perks up his head out of his dirty-brown maul from beyond the belding heap of divots; starts up with an answering holla; and comes running over the bent to meet his welcome crony, the rush cap on his head nodding like a mandarin's, and his doggie, with its ears laid back in the wind, gambolling on before. Straightway the fire of whins and dry barren thistles is set a-going, and sends up what *Æschylus* calls "its beard of flame," better seen by its wavering smoke-topped flicker than by its gleams of colour, deadened in the daylight; and the roast of sputtering sloes, with an eke of beans and potatoes, which provident little Patie has in store, is more to our genial worthies, sitting on their hunkers, and nuzzling and fingering among the ashes, than *Ossian's* Feast of Shells. And thus they feast till the day begins to decline. And then they run to the distant road to ask the passing traveller what o'clock it is; and, in the fearless necessities of rude nature, the question is popped whether the passer-by be a charioted buck of seven seals, or a trudging hind who hangs out a crooked sixpence, a simple spotted shell, or a bit of polished parrot-coal, by an affectionate twine of his grandmother's hair.

'Then come the hoar mornings of November frost, and the sloes begin to crack, and are really not so bad; and "Ill Tam" has another day at Eildon hills. He finishes the play by tearing and wearing his corduroys, up trees and down "slidders," to very reasonable tatters; and thus the light of knowledge is let in by many and wide holes upon his mother at night, that her son "has been out;" and her patience being worn out as well as his breeks, a good sound thrashing winds up the day to Thomas. Anything like a full crop of acorns is a very rare harvest indeed. This year, however, they are "plenty as blackberries;" and now that the air is beginning to smell of winter, they are popping down upon your head wherever you go; clean, glossy, and slightly ribbed in their brown and white. They must have been better to eat in the Golden Age than now, or the stomachs of our simple sires must have been more easily pleased than those of their degenerate and

luxurious sons; for hang me from an oak branch if I could eat an acorn, so harsh and stringently tasteful of the tannin, even to see the lion lie down with the lamb. So my age of gold is not likely to get beyond pinchbeck. But swine can eat acorns, though old bachelors are not so innocent; and therefore I advise all my country friends, after the wants of the nurseryman are served, to turn the snouts of their pigs among the mast, or have it gathered by the bairnies and flung into the trough. The porkers grunt almost graciously over it, and it helps to give that fine flavour to the flesh which touches the tongue so racily in the wild-boar ham.'

We must not part with Mr Aird till we have remonstrated against a certain leaning to the past, which appears to us to be not the true feeling of its kind, for it is needlessly insulting to the present. He sees only mischief threatened by the efforts now making to educate the masses, and seriously expresses his willingness to give up all modern popular literature for the filth which filled the pedlar's basket thirty years ago. This is only maudlin sentimentalism, not manly feeling. It is putting rational choice between good and evil at scorn, and playing into the hands of those who hate the public good for reasons which they think important to their own interests. We believe that men, in writing in this manner, do not exercise judgment at all; they are only indulging in caprices and fancies. We greatly prefer to see a man writing with his head clear, and his heart open, and as if he felt every word he put down to be upon oath. It is by such earnest men that the world is to be made better, not by sickly indulgers in whimsy and paradox.

THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER—A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGANT.

Act well thy part—there the true honour lies.—POPE.

'I WISH, papa, you would teach me to be a painter,' was the exclamation of a fair-haired child, over whose brow eleven summers had scarcely passed, as she sat earnestly watching a stern middle-aged man, who was giving the last touches to the head of a Madonna. 'Pshaw,' pettishly returned the artist; 'go play with your doll, and don't talk about things you can't understand.' 'But I should like to learn, papa,' the child resumed: 'I think it would be so pretty to paint, and, besides, it would get us some more money, and then we could have a large house and servants, such as we used to have, and that would make you happy again, would it not, papa?' 'You are a good girl, Amy, to wish to see me happy,' the father rejoined, somewhat softened by the artless affection of his little daughter; 'but women are never painters, that is, they are never great painters.' The child made no further comment, but still retained her seat, until her father's task was accomplished.

The chamber in which this brief dialogue took place was a meanly-furnished apartment in a small house situated in the suburbs of Manchester. The appearance of the artist was that of a disappointed man, who contends doggedly with adversity rather than stems the torrent with fortitude. Habitual discontent was stamped on his countenance, but ever and anon a glance of fierceness shot from his full dark eyes, as the thought of the position to which his talents ought to have raised him would flit across his brain. A greater contrast could scarcely be conceived than existed between the father and child: the latter added to the charms of that early period of life a face and form of exquisite beauty. Her dazzling complexion, rich auburn hair, and graceful attitudes, accorded ill with the rusty black frock which was the mourning habiliment for her maternal parent,

and the expression of her features was that of natural joyousness, tempered, but not wholly suppressed, by thoughtfulness beyond her years.

Leonard Beaufort had once been, as was implied by his daughter, in a different station to that he now occupied. He was by birth and education a gentleman; but partly owing to his own mismanagement and extravagance, and partly from misfortunes altogether unavoidable (though he chose to attribute his reverses wholly to the latter cause), he found himself suddenly plunged from competence into utter destitution. He had hitherto practised painting as an amateur, but now he was forced to embrace it as the only means afforded him of supporting his family, which at that time consisted of a wife and two children. He was not without some share of talent; but unhappily for those who depended on his exertions, he was too indolent to make much progress in an art which requires the exercise of perseverance, no less than the possession of genius; and after struggling for more than three years with the bitterest poverty, his wife and youngest child fell victims to their change of circumstances. Little Amy was thus left motherless, and would have been friendless, but for the care of a neighbour, who, pitying her forlorn condition, watched over her with almost maternal regard. Mrs Lyddiard was the widow of a merchant's clerk, who had no other provision than that which was afforded her by her own labours in a little school; but from these humble means she was enabled, by prudent management, to give her only child Herbert (a boy about three years the senior of Amy) a tolerable education, which would fit him to undertake a similar situation to that which his father had filled.

Towards this amiable woman and her son, the warm affections which had been pent up in the young heart of our little heroine, since the death of her mother and infant brother, now gushed forth in copious streams; for, though she loved her father with a tenderness scarcely to be expected, and certainly unmerited by one who manifested such indifference in return, she dared not express her feelings in words or caresses. Beaufort would usually devote a few of the morning hours to his profession, and then, growing weary, throw aside his pencil in disgust, and either wander about the neighbourhood in moody silence, or spend the rest of the day in the society of a few dissolute persons of education, with whom he had become acquainted since his residence in Manchester. The indolence of the parent had, however, the effect of awakening the latent energies of the daughter's mind; and young as she was at the time we introduce her to our readers, her thoughts were engaged upon a scheme which, if successful, would, she deemed, reinstate them in competence. This was for her to become possessed of a knowledge of her father's art (secretly, since he had given a check to her plan), and she believed she could accomplish it by watching his progress, and practising during his long absences from home. As Mrs Lyddiard warmly approved of the proposition, it was immediately put into execution; and Herbert, who was also made a confidant, volunteered to purchase her colours and brushes; for she dared not make use of her father's, for fear of discovery.

The performances of the young artist for the first twelve months, as might be expected, did not rise above mediocrity; but by increased perseverance and a determination to excel, she rapidly improved. The disposal of a few of her pictures furnished her with the means to procure materials for others; but she still studiously concealed her knowledge from her father, intending to

do so till her skill approximated in some degree to his.

Eight years thus glided away, and the beautiful and artless child had now become an elegant and lovely young woman. Her nineteenth birthday was approaching, and she determined to prepare a specimen of her abilities to be displayed on that occasion. She selected Lear and Cordelia for her subject, thinking it would tacitly express the affection which had instigated her desire to acquire a knowledge of her father's profession. She completed her task, and the Lyddiards were lavish in their praises of the performance. Herbert declared it to be quite equal to any her father had done, and his approbation, it must be acknowledged, was highly valued by the fair artist. On the evening before the eagerly-anticipated day, Beaufort came home at an unusually early hour, and, what was of rare occurrence, in excellent spirits.

'I've sold that piece from Shakspeare I finished last week to a gentleman who is going abroad,' he said, addressing his daughter with unwonted confidence and kindness; for it was not often that he deigned to make her acquainted with anything connected with his profession.

'What, the Prospero and Miranda I admired so much, papa?' Amy asked.

'Yes; and he wants another to pair it done within a fortnight, so I must rise early and labour hard, for the days are short; but I was better remunerated than commonly, which makes it worth my while to put myself to a little inconvenience.'

'You will like to have your coffee at six to-morrow morning then?' Amy observed.

'Yes, child, not a moment later.'

The coffee was prepared to the minute, and, contrary to the expectation of the daughter, her father was up to partake of it; for it was not an uncommon case for him to talk of executing a painting in a hurry, and then be more than usually dilatory in its performance. In this instance, however, he seemed in earnest, for, after having hastily swallowed his breakfast, he sat down to sketch out the piece. Amy silently withdrew from the room, not daring at present to broach the subject which was uppermost in her thoughts, and employed herself with her domestic duties till the time when she deemed he would require her assistance in mixing his colours, which was her usual task.

'It won't do; the design is bad,' the artist petulantly exclaimed as his daughter re-entered the apartment, and he angrily dashed his pencil to the ground.

'What won't do, dear papa?' Amy gently inquired.

'I've spent the whole night deciding on a subject, and now that I have sketched it, see that it's not suitable,' he pettishly made answer.

'What is it, papa?'

'Coriolanus and his mother.'

'Well, in my opinion, that would be very appropriate. As the other was a father and daughter, here is a mother and son; but if you don't like it, what think you of Lear and Cordelia?' Amy's voice faltered, and she dared not raise her eyes from the sketch which she affected to be examining.

'I'm not in a mood for painting to-day: I'll try to-morrow.'

'But your time, you said, was short?' Amy ventured to interpose.

'Well, if I can't get it done, he must go without it,' was his irritable reply. 'I'm not going to be tied down to the easel, whether disposed or not, for such a paltry sum.'

'I thought you told me that this gentleman would remunerate you handsomely?'

'Handsomely!' the artist scornfully repeated; 'it is better than I am usually paid, but not a fiftieth part of what I ought to receive. See how some men, not possessed of half my talent, succeed! but they have the patronage of the great to aid them.'

'And perhaps brighter days may yet dawn on you, dear father!' pleaded the daughter.

'Never!' and Beaufort rose in haste to attire himself for departure.

'Papa,' cried Amy, gently catching his arm, 'will you just stay for a few minutes; I have something to say to you; and a deep flush of crimson suffused her cheek as she spoke. Beaufort turned hesitatingly. 'It is my birthday,' she pursued—'I am this day nineteen.'

'That is no subject for rejoicing, girl,' he doggedly observed.

'I have been looking forward to this period with intense anxiety, meaning then to make you acquainted with a subject which has long engrossed my thoughts,' she timidly said.

'No foolish love affair, I hope?' Beaufort almost fiercely demanded, looking sternly in his daughter's agitated and flushed countenance as he uttered the words. 'Perhaps,' he sarcastically continued, without giving her time to reply—'perhaps you deem yourself marriageable at the matron-like age of nineteen, and have selected some country boor for my son-in-law?'

This speech was directed at Herbert Lyddiard, and Amy felt it; but her thoughts were at this moment occupied by another subject of absorbing interest. 'No,' she returned with modest dignity; 'I have at present no desire to alter my condition, but I have for years been intent upon bettering yours. I may be presumptuous in supposing it possible that any effort of mine could do so; but I was resolved to make the trial, and this shall speak for me.' As she concluded, she drew from a closet the picture she had so anxiously prepared, and displayed it to her parent's astonished gaze. Beaufort could not speak, but stood for some minutes immovable, with his eyes fixed on the piece, as if doubting the reality of what he beheld.

'Amy,' he exclaimed, 'is it possible that this is your performance?'

'It is, father.'

'And you have had no teacher?'

'Yes, you have been my teacher. For eight long years I have been your pupil—a silent but a most attentive pupil. I owe all my knowledge to you.'

'It is admirable,' he murmured, 'and the very thing I want; as like my execution as if I myself had done it.'

'Do you say so, my father?' Amy exultingly exclaimed. 'Do you say so? That is praise beyond what I had ever dared to hope for; and, for the first time in her life, she threw herself into her parent's embrace.

Beaufort re-examined the work. 'Did you intend it to pair my Prospero and Miranda?' he asked.

'I did, though not with the idea of its ever being sold as such. I greatly admired your father and daughter, and thought I would attempt a similar piece. I thought, too—she stopped for a moment, then blushing added—'I thought it an appropriate offering from one who desires to be a Cordelia to you.'

The sale of his daughter's picture was a fresh era in the life of the artist, as it was the means of introducing him to several persons of rank and influence, who were at the time visitors at the house of the purchaser. Though Amy's picture was more highly finished than her father's, no one guessed that the Lear and Cordelia, and the Prospero and Miranda, were not done by the same hand. Amy had caught her father's bold style, but added to it a delicate softness which he, from impatience, not want of ability, usually omitted. The calls upon her time were now incessant; for Beaufort grew more indolent than ever when he found that she cheerfully took so large a portion of his labour off his hands. He would frequently sketch an outline, and then leave it for her to finish, without regarding the inroads he was by these means making on his daughter's health. Meanwhile he spent the profits of her toil in luxuries, in which she shared not; still allowing her the miserable pittance which barely kept want from her dwelling, and would not permit of her making, either in her home or her person, an appearance above the humbler class of mechanics.

'We will bid a joyful adieu to this hateful town, and settle again in London,' the artist exclaimed, as, late one evening, he entered his house in an excited state, after a visit to one of his new patrons.

'Are you in earnest, papa?' Amy asked, whilst the colour forsook her cheek.

'In earnest, girl?' he repeated, 'to be sure I am. I think I have dreamed here long enough, and it is time that some change took place for the better. The purchaser of my last picture is a young baronet who has just come into possession of a princely fortune, and, by a little flattery, I have so far got myself into his good graces, that he has promised to provide money to enable me to make a suitable appearance in town: he says, too, that amongst his acquaintances alone he can procure me sufficient employment, which shall be liberally remunerated. 'Tis true,' Beaufort laughingly added, 'he has no more taste for paintings than his valet, and perhaps not so much; but that matters not: he thinks that he has, and it is not my place to undeceive him; for, as he is rich and influential, he may be a valuable friend to us.'

Amy listened without making any reply.

'You are silent, girl?' her father resumed. 'I thought you would be delighted with the intelligence. Will you not be glad to exchange this miserable hovel for a handsomely-furnished house? And you shall have masters to instruct you in dancing, singing, and music; for I expect that you will now have an opportunity of getting settled in the rank of life in which you were born.'

Still Amy replied not.

'Well, you are the strangest girl I ever met with,' Beaufort pursued, in tones indicative of rising wrath. 'But I see how it is. I have suspected as much for some time. You would rather marry a beggarly clerk. I can tell you, however, that Herbert Lyddiard is no husband for you, and I positively forbid you to hold any further intercourse with him or his mother.'

'Oh, father,' cried Amy in the agony of her feelings, now finding utterance, 'can you require me to be so base as thus to treat a friend who has been to me like a mother?'

'I have no personal objection to the woman, nor to her son either, had I not reason to believe that she aspires to an alliance with you,' he rejoined; adding—'Now hear what I say, girl; I start for London to-morrow, and shall send for you in a few days, during which time I shall get a house prepared for your reception. Here are the means to provide suitable apparel for the position we shall resume in society; and I expect that you hold yourself in readiness to depart at an hour's warning.'

Amy dared not oppose her father's commands, and took the offered purse in silence.

As might be expected, the knowledge of Miss Beaufort's intended departure drew from Herbert Lyddiard a full confession of his long-cherished love; and Amy could not deny that it was reciprocal, though she thought it right to make known to him the cruel prohibition her father had enjoined. The mother strove to console the young couple, by representing that it was probable that some change might take place which would induce Mr. Beaufort to withdraw his opposition to their union, and counselled Amy for the present to yield implicit obedience to her father's commands. 'You are yet very young, my dear children,' she said, 'and that directing Providence which has hitherto smiled upon your early attachment, will not, I trust, see fit to sever you.'

The dreaded summons came within a week, Beaufort not thinking it safe for her to remain longer than necessity obliged in the neighbourhood of her humble lover's residence. He received her in an elegant house in the vicinity of Portman Square, which in this brief time he had handsomely furnished and provided with servants. Amy entered it with a sickening heart; and, as he led her from room to room, demanding her approbation, she felt more disposed to weep than to rejoice.

'Amy,' he said, when they were quite alone in the room designed for his studio, 'you are to reign mistress here; but be careful never to drop a hint regarding the humble manner in which you have lived for so many years: no one must surmise that we have been in poverty, or our ruin is certain. I intend giving an entertainment to my friends a few nights hence, and then I shall introduce you to society; meantime I expect that you will provide yourself with elegant and appropriate attire for the occasion; for on you much of my success may depend.'

'On me!' Amy exclaimed in astonishment; then recollecting herself, she added, 'If you mean on my exertions, father, you may still depend upon them.'

'No, I do not mean your exertions, though at present I must avail myself of your assistance; but I mean by the manner in which you receive my friends. Amy,' he continued, looking steadily in his daughter's face, 'you are possessed of uncommon beauty; you are doubtless aware of it. Herbert Lyddiard has not failed, I daresay, to tell you so. A beautiful young woman is at all times a powerful attraction, and to me it is everything, to extend the circle of my acquaintances.'

Amy's cheek, which had been flushed by the former part of this speech, turned deadly pale at its conclusion. How could she, who had all her life been shut out from society, entertain her father's male guests—she, a retiring and almost ignorant girl, without one female friend or adviser! She did not speak; but Beaufort saw that powerful feelings were agitating her breast, and strove to laugh away what he termed her foolish fears.

'A few evenings will dispel all your *mauvaise honte*,' he gaily said. 'I will hear of no silly objections; and, thrusting a purse of gold into her hand, he left the room.'

Amy could scarcely realise the truth of the position in which she stood. The events of the last few days seemed like a dream; but if so, it was a dream from which she would have been glad to have awakened, and to have found herself in her former humble home. She could not but fear that all her father possessed was held upon a very uncertain tenure, and, what was worse, that it was obtained by dishonourable means. This idea was strengthened when the gala evening arrived, and our heroine was introduced to her father's principal patron, a vain and weak-minded man, who listened to his host's extravagant adulation with evident complacency, though to every one else it was palpably insincere. Beaufort insisted on his visiting his studio, to give his opinion of the grouping of a historical piece he had sketched out for Amy to fill up. The baronet, thus flattered, suggested some alterations which would have made it absolutely ridiculous; and the artist would actually have complied, had not his daughter, who had been requested to be present, interposed; and her guest gallantly acquiesced in her judgment.

From this period a new trial awaited the unhappy girl, for Sir Philip Rushwood now became her professed admirer. Beaufort had planned this affair from the moment of his first introduction to the young man, though he had warily concealed his wishes from Amy. He had contrived to display, as if by accident, a miniature portrait he had once taken of his daughter; and as he pretended unwillingness to make known the name of the original, the curiosity of the baronet was naturally excited. On finding that the beautiful young woman he so much admired was the artist's daughter, he became anxious to see her; but her father was determined that a meeting should not take place until Amy was in a situation to set off her natural charms, and was removed from her humble lover. Little suspecting the scheme which had been laid, she met Sir Philip with feelings of gratitude; but they were exchanged for sentiments bordering on disgust when he became a suitor for her hand. There was nothing vicious about the young man; he was the dupe, not the deceiver; but to a mind like Amy's, filled too as it was

with the image of Herbert Lyddiard, his attentions were intolerable. The open encouragement he now received from the father, however, emboldened him to persevere, and he professed to look upon her marked disapproval as nothing but maidenly diffidence, and proceeded to address her as though a positive engagement existed between them.

Amy now spent her days either at the easel, or in receiving instructions from the masters her father hired, and her evenings in entertaining his guests. He appeared not to have an idea that prudence required that some matronly lady should become the chaperon of his isolated child, much less that her heart could yearn for feminine society. To one who was naturally so sensitive and timid, the task was exquisitely painful; yet she dared not murmur, or a volley of abuse would have been the result. Nine months thus passed away in splendid misery, during which period Beaufort had often indirectly expressed his wishes that his daughter would accept the overtures of the baronet; but on the morning of her twentieth birthday, he called her into his studio, saying that he had a matter of importance to consult with her upon. Poor Amy guessed too well the subject he was about to introduce; but she was appalled when, in a few hurried words, and with a voice almost choked by agitation, he told her that it depended on her decision, respecting the acceptance of Sir Philip Rushwood's suit, whether he was to give her away at the altar as a bride, or be himself dragged to a prison.

'But why, father, should there be so dreadful an alternative?' she eagerly asked.

'Because I have nothing but what I owe to him. On his credit this house has been furnished, and his tradespeople have supplied our table. Your very apparel has been purchased from sums of money I have from time to time borrowed from him—for I have not yet met with the increased sale and handsome remuneration for my pictures I was led to expect. Indeed many of those you supposed to be ordered, were pledged for a tenth part of their value. If, however, you become his wife,' he proceeded, 'we shall never want; for his fortune is immense, and he is easily persuaded to part with it; but if you refuse, his vanity, which is his ruling passion, will be so deeply wounded, that he will withdraw his assistance from me, and our ruin is inevitable. I have amused him with hopes of success and assurances that you will smile on him at last, in spite of your girlish coquetry, till he is incensed at the delay; and he last night told me that he would be put off no longer, but have a positive answer from your own lips this very evening.' Amy pressed her hands upon her burning brow in unutterable anguish. 'Yes,' her father resumed, 'this very evening you must set your seal to our destiny. It remains for you either to open a brilliant career before me, or to shut me up in a prison in disgrace. I ask you not to give me an answer. Your bane and antidote are both before you; but remember that on the decision of your lips to-night our mutual welfare depends.'

As Beaufort concluded, he rose from his seat and hurriedly left the room, whilst poor Amy remained panic-struck, and scarcely comprehending the extent of her wretchedness. Her energies were, however, aroused, and directed into a fresh channel; when, a few minutes after her father's departure, a servant placed a note in her hand, bearing the well-known characters of Herbert Lyddiard, which she said had been delivered at the door by a meanly-dressed young man. She almost flew to her chamber to peruse the contents, which, though written by Herbert, were dictated by his mother. She stated that her son, having lost his situation in Manchester by the death of his employer, had been induced to remove to London, with the hope of obtaining a more lucrative one in that city; but, being disappointed in his expectations, that they were consequently reduced to the greatest distress. Her health, she concluded, had suffered so severely from intense anxiety and privations, that, believing herself

to be dying, she solicited, as a last request, one brief visit from her beloved young friend.

Amy Beaufort possessed a mind which never sunk under difficulties whilst there was any active duties to perform, and in less than half an hour she was in a hackney-coach on her way to Mrs Lyddiard's residence, bearing with her, besides a few articles of nourishment for the invalid, a large packet containing some of the early efforts of her pencil, which she, with prompt thoughtfulness, imagined might be disposed of, if only for a trifle, to aid her unfortunate friends in their present exigence. She had a few guineas left from her father's last gift; but she now shrunk from using them even for so sacred a purpose. The coach stopped at the door of a large but mean-looking house in a narrow crowded street, and her inquiry if Mrs Lyddiard lived there, was answered in the affirmative by a ragged boy, who asked if he should carry her parcel. Amy followed him, not without some apprehension, up three flights of dark steep stairs; but her fears were relieved when her gentle tap at the door to which her guide pointed, was answered by the well-known voice of her early friend.

The meeting was affecting in the extreme; but Amy did not find the invalid reduced quite so low as her imagination had pictured. Though a few months only had elapsed since they parted, each had a long tale of trials to tell, and that Amy had to relate was rendered doubly distressing by the confession she was forced to make of a parent's delinquency. At length she spoke of the decision which was expected from her that night.

'And how do you intend to act?' asked her companion in breathless anxiety. 'I feel that I dare not offer you counsel. I am too deeply interested; for it would be draining the last drop of earthly bliss from my cup to see you wedded to any other than to my son.'

'I never will, Mrs Lyddiard,' cried Amy energetically, rising at the same time from her kneeling position beside the bed of the invalid. 'I feel myself justified in making this resolution. I have been an unwilling, nay, I may say an unconscious agent in a scheme of dishonour; but I should be culpable if, by any act of mine, I furthered it, even though the motive should be to save a parent from disgrace and a prison. Still, my father claims my dutiful regard, and so long as my personal exertions and self-denial can afford him aid, I will never desert him.'

'You have spoken nobly, my dear Amy,' Mrs Lyddiard exclaimed, her eyes brightening, and her pale cheek flushing with pleasure. 'Your own upright heart is your best adviser, and Heaven will aid your filial piety.'

As our heroine prudently wished to avoid a meeting with her lover, she left the house earlier than she otherwise would have done, and returned home to prepare her mind for the trial which awaited her. She resolved to decline the baronet's suit respectfully, yet firmly, alluding with gratitude to the services he had rendered her father; and she hoped much, notwithstanding the anger he had evinced, from the natural mildness of his character. She had not, however, been long in her chamber, when she, to her surprise, received another summons from her father, who she had imagined to be from home. The dark frown which clouded his brow too surely indicated the state of his feelings. 'You may spare yourself the trouble of refusing Sir Philip Rushwood, Miss Beaufort,' he sneeringly remarked, as she tremblingly took a seat by his side; 'you will not have the opportunity of displaying your triumph.'

'What do you mean, papa?' Amy interrogated, wholly at a loss to understand the import of his words.

'Oh, you are in utter ignorance that your vagabond suitor, Lyddiard, left a billet for you this morning,' he resumed in the same sarcastic strain; 'and you are quite unconscious that you were carried in a coach to his residence; but the lynx-eye of jealousy watched you,

and you have converted a friend into a foe. It is I, however,' he fiercely added, 'who must suffer the penalty of your disobedience and duplicity, and either die in a prison, or become an exile from my country. I prefer the latter, and must leave you to reap the fruits of your own self-will.'

'Oh, my father!' Amy almost wildly exclaimed, throwing herself at his feet, 'had you given me time I should have explained everything to you connected with my visit to Mrs Lyddiard; but I intreat you not to add to the dishonour you are already involved in by flight. Surely the debts you have contracted are not to so large an amount but they may be liquidated in time by our mutual exertions. Let us descend to the sphere from which we have so lately risen, if by that means we can honourably overcome our difficulties.'

'Talk not to me in this manner,' Beaufort angrily interposed; 'I will not brook the disgrace your obstinacy has brought upon me; and you have yourself alone to blame that you are not the mistress of a princely fortune. Go to your beggarly lover, if he will receive you when penniless and homeless—the tie between us is broken.' And with these words he rose to quit the room.

'Do not leave me, father!' Amy shrieked forth, clinging around him to prevent his departure. 'I will share a prison with you, if such be the dreadful alternative. I will labour for your support; but do not—do not leave me.'

Beaufort shook her from him with a violence which threw her to the ground. 'Go, wretched girl!' he vociferated as he descended the stairs, 'you have been my ruin.' It was the last words he addressed to her—they met no more.

Scarcely allowing herself to believe that her father would not repent of his determination to leave the country, Amy awaited with intense anxiety the event of the evening. The shades of twilight fell, but he appeared not. The guests he had invited arrived; still he did not return. She was obliged to send an apology for her absence; for she was really ill, and felt unequal to the trial of meeting the baronet in her present agitated state of mind.

The morning brought a confirmation of her worst fears. A rumour of Beaufort's sudden flight had gone abroad, owing to his absence from his guests; and the consequence was, that creditors poured in from all quarters. Amy met the emergency with a presence of mind she was herself surprised at. Her first care was to have all the effects sold, that the debts might be liquidated as far as possible; but now, to her unspeakable concern, she discovered that her father had carried off the principal part of the plate and small valuables. She next met her late suitor, Sir Philip Rushwood, and after soliciting an account of the sums due to him by her parent, declared her intention of refunding them from the labours of her own hands. 'I may perhaps make trial of your patience by some delay, Sir Philip,' she said; 'but so far as my receipts will allow, no one shall be the loser from having placed confidence in my unhappy father. Had I accepted your addresses, you would have had reason to despise me; but I am not so base as to form a union in which my heart has no share.'

The baronet was astonished. He had hitherto formed a mean opinion of the female character, having been incessantly beset by manoeuvring mammas with marriageable daughters ever since he became possessed of his fortune. His desire to win the beautiful young artist, who never appeared so lovely as at this moment, increased; but he felt that he dared not urge his suit after this declaration.

Amy now sought the home of her early friend; and, deserted by her only natural protector, thought herself justified in consenting to become the wife of Herbert Lyddiard when circumstances would admit of the union taking place. She employed herself indefatigably at the easel; and Sir Philip Rushwood having with some difficulty discovered the mart at which her pictures

were exposed for sale, bought them up (though with the strictest secrecy) as fast as she produced them, paying considerably more than the price she hoped to obtain for them. Herbert was at this period so fortunate as to obtain a situation, which, though not very lucrative, yet afforded him the means of providing the family with a more comfortable home; and as Mrs Lyddiard's health rapidly amended with her improved circumstances, no further obstacle opposed the marriage of the young couple. Amy's only anxiety now arose from the uncertainty of her father's fate; for she could gain no further intelligence of him than that he had fled the kingdom, having obtained a passport under a feigned name.

The ready and profitable sale of her paintings enabled our heroine to set aside sums for the liquidation of her father's debts earlier than she expected. Herbert volunteered to become the bearer of her first payment to Sir Philip Rushwood; and as his manners and appearance were those of a gentleman, he was shown by the footman into the dining-parlour, to wait a few minutes till his master was at liberty. The young man started on entering the apartment, for he, to his astonishment, perceived it to be hung around with the pictures Amy had executed since her residence with them. He was examining them more minutely, that he might be certain he was not mistaken, when the baronet appeared.

'You are admiring those paintings, sir,' the latter observed. Herbert bowed assent. 'They were executed by a lady who is no less distinguished for her virtues than for her beauty and talent,' he added, his features glowing with animation. 'And should you become a purchaser, you will confer an obligation on me.'

'Happily for me, sir, I possess the fair artist herself,' his visitor smilingly interposed.

Sir Philip drew back in amazement, and Herbert proceeded to explain the object of his mission.

'I cannot take the money, Mr Lyddiard,' the baronet returned with evident emotion. 'The loss of a few hundreds is of no real importance to me; and do you think that I could suffer that noble young woman to toil incessantly to pay the debt of an unprincipled parent? No, I am not so mercenary. Miss Beaufort refused me as a husband, but she must allow me the pleasure of becoming her friend. You need not be jealous, sir, of the title I am solicitous to assume, for it was for your sake that she rejected me; but whether as a maiden or wife, I shall deem myself happy in being permitted to serve her.'

'I am most grateful for your kindness, Sir Philip,' Herbert returned; 'but I cannot avail myself of it with respect to the money. Mrs Lyddiard is, I know, too desirous to rescue, as far as possible, her unhappy father's character from disgrace, to suffer a debt of his to remain uncanceled.'

Thus urged, the baronet reluctantly took the sum; determining, however, to return it through some medium which would not compromise the independence, or hurt the feelings, of the person he was so anxious to serve; and he had soon an opportunity of proving the sincerity of his professions, by using his interest in procuring Herbert an appointment far superior to that he at present filled.

It was nearly three years subsequent to the period at which Beaufort quitted England, that his daughter received the sad intelligence of his death. He had been a miserable wanderer on the continent for that space of time, and he breathed his last in a lazaretto at Naples. It was not till he lay upon his dying bed that he could summon courage to address his deserted child. When all earthly hope was over, and the awful realities of a future state presented themselves to his appalled vision, he thought of the misery he had caused one who had ever been an affectionate and devoted daughter to him; and as this epistle expressed the deepest penitence for the errors of his mispent life, Amy clung to the hope that it was sincere.

Thus Leonard Beaufort, with genius which would have done honour to his profession, died a miserable outcast, through its misuse; whilst his noble-minded daughter, by industry, integrity, and perseverance, rose by slow but sure degrees to competence, and enjoys that peace known only to those who pursue a virtuous course.

SNATCHINGS IN A LIBRARY.

It is with a glad feeling of escape that day after day we close the door on the din of the streets, and, mounting the broad stairs which lead to the upper floors, find ourselves in grateful silence, surrounded by the now familiar array of books; more familiar than when, erewhile, we discoursed concerning them,* yet not less welcome, less venerated. In our first acquaintance there was a sense of mysterious awe—a dim anticipation of the unknown. We were like Columbus standing on the island shore, gazing with earnest hopes towards the uncertain west: but now we have crossed the intervening ocean, planted our foot on the mighty continent beyond, coasted some of its islets, and, with glimpses of lofty mountains and tall promontories, have returned, if not deeply laden with solid treasures, at least with the certainty that treasures exist, that our freight may always equal our courage and diligence.

Sometimes there is nothing but the title to commemorate; at others, a quaint paragraph, an incidental opinion, a bygone superstition, may be pleasantly transcribed, and set up to twinkle again for a brief space before the eyes of men. One who has recorded the titles of manuscripts, gives us the concluding words of a 'Cronycle,' whose date is 1460:—'And after that ther bred a raven at Charyng Crosse at London. And neuer was seen noon brede there before. And after that came a gret dethe of pestilence, that lasted iij yer. And peple dyed myhtely in every place, man, woman, and chylde. On whos soulys God have mercy. Amen.' An instance of the popular method of educating cause from effect, not confined to those times. Latimer observed, in one of his sermons, that the people of Kent attributed the appearance of the Godwin Sands to the building of Tenterden steeple. When the new style was introduced in this country in the last century, 'the mob pursued the minister in his carriage, clamouring for the ten days by which, as they supposed, their lives had been shortened; and the illness and death of the astronomer Bradley, who had assisted the government with his advice, were attributed to a judgment from Heaven.'—The fear of change, and the inclination to regard it as of evil tendency, is not a modern feeling; for in another of these old manuscripts, we read a poem entitled 'Now-a-dayes,' in which the writer, though earlier than the great accelerator of innovation—printing—laments,

'We Englishemen behelde
our auncient customs holde
more precious than golde
be cense cast away:
And other new be fownd,
the which ye may understand
that causeth all your land
so gretly to decay.'

Endless were the task to search through the authors reposing there in legions, and yet it is one we could commence without wearying anticipations of the completion. Might we not hope to reap a rich harvest of motives—to discover the causes of the writers' patient labour—the secret spring that urged them on? Yet fear we that human passion and weakness would hold a prominent

* Alluding to a former paper nearly similar to the present, and by the same writer—entitled 'A Library—Old Books'—which appeared in No. 46, new series (Dec. 7, 1844).

place in the catalogue. Some have written for vain-glory; some from prejudice; some from envy, hatred, and malice; many from integrity of heart, earnest for the truth. What a mountain of smouldering opinion must have been developed with the invention of printing! 'Along with the great change which called upon men to read and judge for themselves, came the great discovery which made it possible that they should do as was enjoined. The age in which religious principle declared the Bible to be every man's book, was the age in which natural invention placed it within every man's reach.*' How truly the new power was appreciated, may be seen in the countless host of works that started into existence during the controversies of the early reformers. But leaving these for a future notice, we may dwell on the sincerity and zeal characteristic of the primeval printers. The issuing of a book was an event not to be regarded merely in the prospect of profit; they seemed reluctant to part with their editions, and wrote phrases so full of hope and thankfulness on the introductory leaves, that we admire them as much for their earnestness as their quaintness. One of them tells us on his title-page, that

'He who reads a booke rashly, at random doth runne;
He goes on his errande, yet leaves it undone.'

And we may judge of Caxton's reverence for the art to which he consecrated his life, from the language of his prefaces or commentaries. In the 'Prohemye' to the edition of Chaucer in 1475, he says, 'Grete thankes, lawde, and honour ought to be gyven and unto the clerkes, poetes, and historiographers that have wroten many noble bokes of wysedom; and goes on to tell that he accomplished his labour 'by thyde of Almighty God, whom I humbly beseeche to gyve me grace and ayde to achyene and accomplysse, to his lawde, honour, and glorye, and that alle ye that shal in this booke rede, or here, will of your charyte, among your dedes of mercy, remember the sowle of the sayde Gefferey Chaucer, first auctour and maker of this booke; and also that alle we that shal see and rede therein, may so take and understonde the good and vertuous tales, that it may so prouffyte unto the helthe of our sowles, that after this short and transitory lyf, we may come to euerlastyng lyf in heuen. Amen.' What would be thought of such a preface now-a-days, when so many books are issued merely 'at the request of friends?' That this was not a solitary instance of old Caxton's reverent earnestness, is shown in all his works: his 'Book for Travellers' begins—

FRANSHE.	ENGLISH.
'Ou nom du pere,	'In the name of the fadre,
Et du filz,	And of the soone,
Et du saint esperite,	And of the holy ghost,
Veuil commencer,	I wyll begynne
Et ordonner vng livre.'	And ordeyne this booke.'

One of the books printed by him was the 'Mirroure of the Worlde,' in looking over which we are struck by the curious titles of some of the chapters; among them are, 'Wherefor God made the world round'—'For to know how the wyndes growe'—'Wherefore men see no starres by daylight'—'Why men see not the sonne by night.' These quotations show the unsettled form of spelling of that day, for in some cases the spelling of the same word is seen to vary.

We may trace this same pious tone of feeling in the works of Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's assistant and successor. At the end of 'The Chastysing of Goddes Children,' printed by him in 1493, are the lines—

'Infynyte laud, with thankynge many folde,
I yelde to God, me socouryng wyth his grace,
This booke to fynysh which that ye beholde,
Scale of perfection calde in every place:
Whereof thauetour Walter Hilton was,
And Wynkyn de Worde this hath sett in print,
In William Caxton's howe so fylt the case,
God rest his soule.'

* Vaughan. Age of Great Cities.

And again we read at the end of a translation of *Bartholomew de proprietatibus rerum*—

'And also of your charity call to remembrance
The soule of William Caxton, first printer of this booke'—

which lines conclude with a notice of early paper-making, thus :—

'And John Take the yonger, joy mote he broke,
which late hath in England make this paper thynne,
That now in our English this booke is printed inn.'

In 1521, Wynkyn printed a collection of Christmas carols, one of which relates to the preparation of a feast; and 'a caroll' enters 'bringyng in the bores heed,' singing—

'The bores heed in hande bringe I,
With garlands gay and rosemary,
I pray you all synge merely.'

Was this jingle ringing in Scott's memory when he wrote, in the introduction to the sixth canto of *Marmion*,

'Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary?'

The almost universal credulity of that day was taken advantage of by the retailers of prophecies and predictions, who flattered the popular prejudices to their own profit; but we find occasionally that the seers could be humorous as well as mysterious. Another of Wynkyn's books begins—

'A merry prognosticacyon,
For the yere of Chryste's incarnacyon,
A thousand fyue hundredth forty and four.

This to prognosticate I may be holde,
That whan the newe yere is come, gone is the olde.'

The early printers did not content themselves with the simple insertion of 'errata' for the correction of errors; they generally prefaced it with a humble apology to the reader; but in some instances the apology alone appeared, and the reader was left to detect the faults for himself. To a metrical version of some of the books of Scripture, printed in 1560, is appended—

'Such fautes as you herein shall find,
I pray you be content;
And do the same with will and mynd,
That was then our intent.
The printers were outlandish men,
The fautes they be the more,
Which are escap'd now and then,
But hereof are no store.'

The vision of *Pierce or Peter Plowman* has been so frequently alluded to, that but few persons can be unacquainted with the existence of this ancient poem. It was 'fyrst imprinted by Robert Crowley, dwellyng in Ely, rentes in Holburne, anno Domini 1550.' The printer appears to have devoted much pains to his work, as he tells his readers. 'Being desyerous to know the name of the authure of this most worthy worke (gentle reader), and the tyme of the writynge of the same, I did not onely gather together such auncient copies as I could come by, but also consult such men as I knew to be more exercised in the studie of antiquities, then I myself have ben. And by some of them I have learned that the autour was named Roberte Langelande, a Shropshire man, born in Cleybirie,* about viii myles from Maluerne hilles. . . . We may justly conject, therefore, that it was first written about two hundred yeres paste, in the tyme of kyng Edward the thyrd. In whose tyme it pleased God to open the eyes of many to se hys truth, geuing them boldnes of herte to open their mouthes and cry oute against the workes of darcknes, as did John Wicklefe, who also in those dayes translated the holy bible into the Englishe tonge; and this writer who, in reportynge certayne visions and dreames, that he fayned himself to have dreamed, doeth most christianlye enstructe the weake, and sharply rebuke the obstinate blynde. There

is no maner of vice, that reigneth in any estate of men, which this wyrtter hath not godly, learnedlye, and wittilye rebuked. He wrote altogether in miter (metre), but not after the maner of our rimers that write nowe adayes (for his verses ende not alike), but the nature of his miter is to have thre wordes at the leaste in euery verse, which beginne with some one letter. As for example, the first two verses of the booke renne upon S, as thus :—

In a somer season whan sette was the sunne,
I shope me into shrobbes, as I a shepe were.

The next runneth upon H, as thus :—

In habite as an hermite unholy of werkes, &c.

This thing noted, the miter shal be very pleasaunt to read; the English is according to the time it was written in, and the sence somewhat daroke, but not so harde but that it may be understande of suche as will not sticke to breake the shell of the hutte for the kernelles sake.—Owen Rogers, who lived 'near unto great Saint Bartholomew's gate, at the sign of the Spread Eagle,' printed a prose edition of this work about 1561, which ends with the lines—

'God saue the king, and speede the plough,
And send the prelates care inough,
Inough, inough, inough.'

It would be curious to search for the methods adopted to inform the community of the publication of new editions before the introduction of newspapers: we see, indeed, advertisements stitched in at the end of books; these, however, would be rarely seen except by the actual purchaser. At the end of a work called the 'Philosopher's Game,' printed in 1563, we find the publisher anticipating the rhyming advertiser of later days in the lines—

'All things belonging to this game,
for reason you may buye,
At the booke shop vnder Bechurch,
in Chepestre redilye.'

And in looking through some of those old catalogues, we meet with many quaint and characteristic titles. 'The cristen state of matrimonye, wherein housebandes and wyues maye lerne to kepe house together wyth loue'—1552; 'A detection of heresie, or why hereticks bee brent'—1565; and 'The storie of the parson of Kalenbbrowe, who,' a commentator informs us, 'pretended to fly, to get off his bad wine in a hot day.'

A book printed in Latin and English, at Oxford, in 1589, contains a quiz on the unfortunate result of the attempted invasion of England by Spain—

'A Skeitonical salutation,
Or condigne gratulation,
And just vexation,
Of the Spanish nation,
That in a heuado,
Spent many a crusado,
In setting forth the Armado,
England to enuado.'

A grave character pervades most of the early works on divinity; and the writers appear to have felt extremely zealous in their labours, and desirous that they should not fall of due effect. One who wrote in 1483, finishes his volume by saying—

'In heuen shall dwellle alle cristen men,
That knowe and kepe Goddes hyddynge ten.'

Others tell us that their books were written 'to the praise of God and profite of all good christian readers. Sometimes we have 'A most fruitfull and necessary boke, therwyth to ename all symple and ignorant folkes agaynst the raveninge wolues and false prophetes' or, 'Very necessary and profitable for yonge gentilmen and gentiwomen abiding in court, palaice, or place.'

The Abbé Barthélemy, in his *Voyage du Jeune Anacarsis*, makes a Greek philosopher say, in speaking of the prevalent desire for praising everything, that he had a book entitled *l'Eloge du Sel*, or 'Praise of Salt,' in which all the riches of imagination are exhausted to

* Clebury.

exaggerate the services which it renders to mortals; but without resorting to imaginary titles, we may find such works in the reality. Valerianus wrote in praise of beards; the celebrated Heinsius found a theme in donkeys; and Erasmus wrote a panegyric on folly while travelling in a post-chaise. Bishop Wilkins observes, in his 'Philosophical Language,' published in 1668, that many persons may consider his inquiries concerning the letters of the alphabet as 'too minute and trivial for any prudent man to bestow his serious thoughts and time about,' and cites names of 'most eminent persons, in several ages, who were men of business,' and 'have not disdained to bestow their pains about the first elements of speech.

'Julius Cæsar is said to have written a book *De Analogia*; and the emperor, Charles the Great, to have made a grammar of his vulgar tongue. So did St Basil for the Greek, and St Austin for the Latin; both being extant in their works.'

'Besides divers of great reputation, both ancient and modern, who have written whole books on purpose concerning the just number of the letters in the alphabet, others have applied their disquisitions to some particular letters. Messala Corvinus, a great man, and a famous orator amongst the Romans, writ a book concerning the letter S. Adamantius Martyr was the author of another book concerning the letters V and B. Our learned Gataker has published a book concerning diphthongs. And Jovianus Pontanus, esteemed a learned man, hath two books *De Aspiratione*, or the letter H. M^rFranklyn hath published a particular discourse concerning accents; and Erycius Puteanus hath written a book purposely—*De Inter Punctione*—Of the True Way of Pointing Clauses and Sentences.'

The quotation of these instances, Wilkins thinks, 'may be a sufficient vindication against any prejudices' to which he had referred; and speaking of the difference between the 'writing and pronouncing of words,' he remarks, that 'it should seem very reasonable that men should either speak as they write, or write as they speak. What is said of our English tongue is proportionably true of most other languages, that if ten scribes (not acquainted with the particular speech) should set themselves to write according to pronunciation, not any two of them would agree in the same way of spelling.'

'Tis related of Chilperick, king of France, that he did, for the compendiousness of writing, add to the French alphabet five letters, enjoining by a strict and solemn edict, the reception and use of them through his dominions; and that in all schools youths should be instituted in the use of them; and yet, notwithstanding his authority in imposing of them, they were presently after his death laid aside and disused.' And 'tis said that the Arabic hath above a thousand several names for a sword, and 500 for a lion, and 200 for a serpent, and fourscore for honey.'

'Though the Hebrew tongue be the most ancient, yet Rabbi Judah Chigug of Fez, in Afric, who lived A.D. 1040, was the first that reduced it to the art of grammar. And though there were both Greek and Latin grammarians much more ancient, yet there were none in either till a long time after those languages flourished; which is the true reason of all those anomalies in grammar—because the art was suited to language, and not language to the art. Plato is said to be the first that considered grammar; Aristotle the first that, by writing, did reduce it into an art; and Epicurus the first that publicly taught it among the Grecians.'

'And for the Latin, Crates Mallotes, ambassador to the Roman senate from King Attalus, betwixt the second and third Punic war, presently after the death of Ennius, v.c. 583, was the first that brought in the art of grammar amongst the Romans, saith Suetonius.'

We could go on thus, collecting facts and illustrations between floor and ceiling, through many pleasant and unheeded hours; but narrow limits check too wide a range. One secret, however, have we learned in our slender researches—that much of that which daily

makes its appearance trumpet-mouthed as new, lies snugly ensconced in the pages of some author whose brain conceived and fingers moved long centuries ago—

'For ought of old feldis, as clarkis saith,
Commyth new corne, from yere to yere,
And out of old bokis, in good faith,
Commeth all the new science that men lere.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MEANINGLESS TITLES TO RAILWAYS.

THE names given to many of the railways, either in progress or completed, are so utterly devoid of meaning, that the public, and especially foreigners, will require a sort of education before they shall be able to understand with what places they communicate. An individual wishing to travel from London to Edinburgh, can get no information as to his route from the indices of the railway guides. It is in vain to look under the head of 'London' or of 'Edinburgh' for anything the index tells, there might be no line between the two capitals; not till he has stated his case to some more knowing friend, does he discover that he will have to go first by the 'Great North of England' to Newcastle, and be steamed by the 'North British,' or the 'Caledonian,' via Berwick or Carlisle. The mere points of the compass mentioned in so many of the titles, convey but scanty information; for although most people know the position of Bristol, of Dover, and of Southampton, yet it is only by undergoing a sort of training that a passenger understands that he must place himself on the 'Great Western,' the 'South Eastern,' or on the 'South Western,' to get to those respective places. To render this sort of perplexity worse, there are two 'Eastern Counties,' one of which leads to Colchester, and the other to Cambridge and Ely; and who can tell, from its title, where the 'Direct Northern' is to end? How far short of John o' Groats, it is impossible to say.

Then there are the various 'junctions,' between which few can distinguish except commercial travellers, and even they by dint of much practice only. Besides the 'Grand Junction' (Lancaster, Liverpool, and London), there are some having the name of one place attached, and yet none but a good topographical scholar can know what other places they unite; such as the 'Branding Junction' (Gateshead, Shields, and London), the 'Clydesdale Junction,' and 'Trent Valley Junction.' That confusion may be a little more complete, the same vague signification is conveyed by a different word, and the result is, the 'Grand Union'—the grandeur of which appears to arise from uniting the two not very important places of Nottingham and Lynn; and the 'North Union,' from Preston to Liverpool, Manchester, or to Wigan. But the most inextricable botheration is that caused by the number of railways whose uninventive sponsors have borrowed the term 'Midland.' In a share list before us, we find no fewer than eight lines, in the titles of which this word occurs; namely—The Midland Counties; Great Western Midland, (Irish); Extension Midland, (to Sligo); Scottish Midland; Somersetshire Midland; South Midland; North Midland; and Welsh Midland.

Some of these schemes are only in progress, and it would be well if the projectors would ease the public of the mental labour they are imposing, by changing some of the titles. The first railways had plain and understandable names, and it is a sad pity that their successors have not followed their good example. The 'Manchester and Liverpool,' the 'London and Brighton,' the 'Edinburgh and Glasgow,' tell at once what they are for, and where their termini are situated. There surely can be no insuperable objections to this excellent mode of naming railways being still followed.

'PUBLISHED THIS DAY.'

An ancient fiction is maintained at the head of the literary advertisements with remarkable pertinacity. Six months, or perhaps more, after a book has first seen the light, we still find the bookseller announcing it as 'published this day.' The book published this day is probably recommended in a pithy sentence from the Edinburgh Review, which has perhaps issued no number for nearly three months. Or it is represented as published this day, in the midst of the period during which every one is aware that no books are ever ventured into the market. It does not seem ever to occur to the persons concerned in preparing these advertisements, that they are uttering a deliberate and misleading falsehood, in announcing as a new publication one which has been in the world for several months. Yet such is really the case. We would wish to see the trade of literature superior to all such despicable tricks, which we verily believe must do more harm, by degrading an honourable calling, and introducing a doubt about the honesty of all literary announcements, than they ever could do good, even supposing them in any tolerable degree successful, which we believe they cannot be, as all roguery is only met by additional vigilance on the part of those against whom it is aimed.

PASSAGE OF THE FIRTH OF FORTH FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In a recent more than usually complete edition of the works of Alexander Wilson, the author of 'Watty and Meg,'* is a journal of the poet's wanderings as a pedlar throughout Scotland in the year 1789. The notices which he gives of the ferries across the Firth of Forth are curious, as a contrast with present arrangements. 'At Bruntisland,' he says, 'there is a passage-boat every day, save Sunday, and even then, if encouragement offers.' The passenger pays sixpence. Kinghorn was, however, the most frequented passage on the Firth. 'In a large boat, the passenger pays sixpence; in a pinnace, which is most convenient in a smooth sea, tenpence. The inhabitants are almost all boatmen, and their whole commerce being with strangers, whom perhaps they may never see again, makes them avaricious, and always on the catch. If a stranger come to town at night, intending to go over next morning, he is taken into a lodging. One boatman comes in, sits down, promises to call you in the morning, assists you to circulate the liquor, and, after a great deal of loquacity, departs. In a little while another enters, and informs you that the fellow who has just now left you goes not over at all; but that he goes, and for a glass of gin he will awake you, and take you along with him. Willing to be up in time, you generously treat him. According to promise, you are awakened in the morning, and assured that you have time enough to take breakfast, in the middle of which, hoarse roarings alarm you that the boat is just going off. You start up, call for your bill—the landlord appears, charges you like a nobleman—there is no time for scrupling—you are hurried away by the boatmen on the one hand, and gently plundered by the landlord on the other, who pockets his money and bids you haste, lest you lose your passage. Perhaps, after all, when you get on board, you are detained an hour or more by the sailors waiting for more passengers.' In comparing this system of things with the frequent passage of elegant steamers at certain hours, and in definite times, now established—with, moreover, low-water piers for embarking and debarking—we are hardly able to believe that we live in the same country described by the Paisley poet.

ACTION OF SUGAR UPON THE TEETH.

It has long been a matter of common belief that sugar, comfits, and other sweetmeats are injurious to the teeth, causing their premature decay, and its infallible attendant, toothache. We were not aware, however, that

the subject had been taken up by the chemist—to whose province it more immediately belongs—till glancing over the proceedings of the French societies, when we found that M. Larrey, from certain researches, had arrived at the following conclusions:—1. Refined cane, or beet-root sugar, is prejudicial to the teeth more from its direct contact, than from the evolution of gaseous matter during digestion. 2. If a tooth be allowed to macerate in a saturated solution of sugar, it is so decomposed as to acquire almost a gelatinous character, whilst the enamel becomes opaque and spongy, and crumbles down under the slightest pressure. Sugar ought not, therefore, to enter into the composition of tooth-powder. 3. The erosion of the teeth by this substance does not depend on an acid, for none is present in sugar, but on the tendency which this organic principle has to enter into combination with the calcareous base of the tooth. 4. If the enamel be less attacked than the osseous part of the tooth, the reason is, that it contains fluoride of calcium, a body which resists chemical agency even more than the sulphate of lime.

Commenting on these conclusions, the editor of the Medical Gazette remarks, that the greater resistance of the enamel is probably owing to its hardness and close texture, and not to the presence of fluoride of calcium, of which it contains only the slightest trace. He farther adds, that it would be interesting to know 'whether these chemical results are borne out by observations made among those who are in the habit of taking large quantities of molasses and saccharine substances.' Independent of the popular opinion to which we have alluded—and which, by the way, like all other current opinions, is likely to have some foundation in reality—we believe that the experiments of M. Larrey are corroborated not only by what is observed in Europe, but by what takes place more notoriously among the coloured population of the West India islands.

EUSTACE THE NEGRO.

The following is the simple and true history* of an old negro slave, whose self-devotion, intelligence, and noble spirit are worthy of a higher commemoration. Toussaint L'Ouverture, by his stern heroism, excited the interest and warm sympathy of thousands of Europeans, despite his colour. Eustace, whose whole life was passed in doing good, is surely a noble instance that the spirit of patience, gratitude, and benevolence, may exist and bear fruit in the bosom of a poor black slave, as in that of his nobler and more refined master.

Eustace was born in 1773, on the estate of M. Belin de Villeneuve, one of the proprietors in the northern part of St Domingo. From his very infancy he sought the company of the whites as much as lay in the poor negro's power: not through servility, but in the hope of improving his mind. This disposition won his master's notice, and induced him to place Eustace immediately under the white overseers attached to his sugar plantation. He there conducted himself in a manner so irreproachable, that he never incurred the slightest punishment even from these hard taskmasters; and, while his gentleness appeased his white masters, he acquired over his negro brethren the influence of a superior mind, though he never showed it by haughtiness.

It was during a voyage made by M. Belin to Europe, that the first symptoms of the revolution broke out at St Domingo. Eustace was then about twenty. Then commenced his life of self-devotion, the characteristics of which are summed up in these words of a phrenologist, who, without knowing him, thus defined the disposition of Eustace, after examining his head: 'Wisdom and courage devoted to the service of goodness and benevolence.' This is an undoubted fact, however the disputers of the science of phrenology may esteem it.

The revolted negroes did not conceal from Eustace their projects; and, by timely information, he contrived

* Henderson, Belfast.

* Translated from 'Le Caméléon,' a French periodical.

to save the lives of more than four hundred whites. But he did no more; he felt for the injuries of his brethren, and never betrayed them, confining himself to the preservation of those whose lives would otherwise have been sacrificed. Soon after, the tumults in the north of the island were almost entirely calmed, and M. Belin returned to St Domingo. His faithful slave, who in the interim had served as many masters as there were unfortunate whites to succour, returned gladly to his service. But the proclamation of Santhonax and Polverel, the emissaries of the French Convention, soon kindled the revolt afresh, and the memorable burning of Cass took place. Seeing that his master was no longer safe in the plantation, Eustace concealed him in the depth of a thick wood, and daily brought him subsistence for some time. M. Belin was chief magistrate of Limbé; as such, he was required by the commissaries of the Convention to furnish General Lasalle, who had reached Cass with his wife, with a carriage and horses for his journey. For M. Belin to quit his retreat was certain death; but the acuteness of his faithful slave preserved him. Eustace sought Polverel and Santhonax, told them his master had fled he knew not whither, but he himself was ready to fulfil the duty required. By this means he turned away the attention of the commissaries from his master, and he then conducted General Lasalle and his wife on their hazardous journey. Returning to Limbé, he met an entire family flying from the burning of Cass—father, mother, and three young children. Eustace received them in the carriage, and saved all.

At last an opportunity offered for his master's safe retreat from the dangers which surrounded him. An American vessel anchored at Limbé; Eustace went to the captain, made arrangements for the passage of M. Belin, and agreed that he should be conveyed on board by night. But this was not all. M. Belin was in a state of the most complete destitution. Eustace went to the negroes of the sugar plantation, and, by his eloquence, induced them to supply their former master with sufficient to preserve him from absolute want. When M. Belin earnestly expressed his gratitude, Eustace only requested, as a return, that he might be permitted to follow and serve him. Two days had scarcely passed before the American ship was taken by three English privateers. Eustace and his master were now prisoners; but the negro did not lose courage. He was an excellent cook, and by his culinary talents won the good graces of the captors, who were not insensible to the good things of this life. Eustace, who ministered so successfully to their gastronomic appetites, was allowed to go at liberty over the ship. He used his freedom to work the deliverance of his master. One day, when the captors had indulged in wine more than usual, Eustace, armed with a sabre, the American captain and M. Belin equally protected, came down upon them. One of the Englishmen rose, but Eustace bound his arms, and the others, struck with terror, begged their lives. Meanwhile the other prisoners fell upon the English sailors, and disarmed them after a short contest. The American captain conducted in safety to Baltimore his own recovered vessel and the three prizes.

At Baltimore, M. Belin and his preserver found numbers of the unfortunate inhabitants of St Domingo, who, formerly opulent, had taken refuge there in the deepest poverty, and were preserved from starvation only by the generosity of the inhabitants. Their necessities furnished the industrious activity of Eustace with an idea which he, with great exertions, carried out. He established a sort of commercial store, the profits of which he devoted to the succour of the most needy of these unfortunate planters, whose former habits of wealthy idleness but ill fitted them for industrious exertion. The poor negro slave was now become their chief comfort and dependence.

Towards the commencement of 1794, St Domingo again became apparently tranquil. The Spaniards occu-

pied Fort Dauphin: the English established themselves at St Nicholas, Port-au-Prince, and elsewhere in the west of the island. Nearly a hundred of the old inhabitants quitted their place of exile, and freighted a vessel to convey them to Fort Dauphin. M. Belin and Eustace were among the number. Scarcely had the exiles disembarked, when they heard that an army of 20,000 men, led by the negro Jean François, had encamped not far from the town. Fort Dauphin then contained a population of about 600 whites, who might have resisted; but the Spanish commander of the garrison refused them arms. An assault took place. M. Belin, separated by chance from his slave, owed his safety to the protection of a Spanish captain whom he knew. Eustace sought him in vain for a long time; but still, not giving up all hope, he saved from pillage everything belonging to his master. To insure their preservation, he went to the wife of Jean François, to whom he was known, and put under her protection money and jewellery belonging to M. Belin, saying they had been left to himself as a legacy. At Fort Espagnol he at last learned the safety of his master, who was about to embark for the English settlement at St Nicholas. Eustace at once resolved to join him; but he had first to obtain from the wife of Jean François the property of M. Belin. This he did, though not without considerable suspicion and difficulty.

The arrival of Eustace at St Nicholas was celebrated like a festival. M. Belin had spread the report of all he owed to his devoted slave, and Eustace was welcomed with a generous homage due to his character, and escorted through the town. M. Belin remained but a short time at St Nicholas: he went to Port-au-Prince, and was there appointed by the governor-general president of the privy council. Eustace now exerted himself to obtain for his master an establishment equal to his new dignity. M. Belin, accustomed to opulence, never imagined that the honourable competence which he enjoyed was the fruit of the daily labour of Eustace. The rich are easily pardoned by the world for the coldness of their gratitude; and when M. Belin, some time after, gave Eustace his freedom, he was considered, in the ideas of the colonists, to have acquitted himself towards his slave. But this liberty was to Eustace a mere formality, which changed neither his conduct nor his devotion. One day, when M. Belin, whose sight failed him, regretted having not taught Eustace to read in his childhood, as in that case he might have become a source of amusement as reader, without saying anything to his master, the faithful negro applied to a school teacher; and, that his daily work might not suffer through his new studies, he used to take his lessons at daybreak. Three or four months after, he came to M. Belin—his countenance radiant with pleasure—with a newspaper in his hand, which he read aloud exceedingly well. From that time he became secretary to his master.

When Toussaint L'Ouverture, now supreme governor of St Domingo, recalled the ancient proprietors to their estates, and guaranteed their safety, M. Belin was among those who confided in these promises. He was put in possession of his sugar plantation, and lived there in peace until the expedition of General Leclerc destroyed all the good work of Toussaint L'Ouverture, and consummated the ruin of the colony. Eustace once more, and for the last time, saved the life of his beloved master; but M. Belin, who had become quite blind, died soon after in his arms. Eustace found his sole consolation in doing as Cass as he had done at Baltimore. M. Belin had left him all his property which was preserved from this last wreck of fortune, and Eustace devoted it to the succour of the unfortunate. After this last revolution, inconceivable misery was felt in the island; and there was Eustace found, always doing good. Some he supplied with money from the small store left him by M. Belin, to others he distributed clothes, linen, and furniture; he put orphan children out to nurse at his own expense; he assisted poor soldiers whose pay was in arrear from the disastrous state of the country; and,

when there was no more left for him to do, he offered himself as attendant on General Rochambeau, accompanied him to England, and from thence to France.

The useful and benevolent career of Eustace the negro terminated but with his death. He arrived at Paris in 1812, and from that time he suffered not a day to pass without exercising his charitable disposition, as far as lay in his humble power. For example, he heard that a poor widow, with four young children, was reduced to cut grass for cattle to procure a subsistence. Eustace sought her out, clothed herself and children, apprenticed the eldest of them, supplying him with necessary tools, so that the boy soon became the prop and support of the family. Another time, knowing that his master was unable to assist a poor relation whom he had long lost sight of, Eustace secretly devoted all his gains to the support of the sick and feeble man for more than a year, leaving him to suppose that these benefits flowed from the general. The secret was not discovered until the sick man, now cured, came to thank his relative for his supposed generous assistance.

The French Academy granted to this benevolent man, in 1832, the prize of virtue founded by Monthyon. This little history shows how well it was merited. Eustace died on the 15th March 1833, aged sixty-two. If virtue were honoured equally with fame and genius, this poor negro would have been considered worthy of a noble monument.

THE LEECH.

THIS animal has had a reputation from the earliest periods of medical science. Even from the time of Homer, the appellation of leech was given to the practitioners of the art of surgery. It is amongst the lowest classes of the animal chain of being; is literally a worm; and yet it has been sought after and valued in all ages. There are about thirteen or fourteen species of the leech, some of which are found in most parts of the world; but the medicinal species is the best known, and abounds in various parts of Europe—as Russia, Hungary, Spain, Portugal—in the marshy plains of Egypt, and in various parts of Asia. It belongs to the class *annelides*, or ringed worms, its body being composed of a series of rings or circular muscles, by the successive contractions of which it moves along, either in the water or upon the surface of leaves, reeds, or other solid bodies. The tail extremity is in the form of a cup or sucker, by which it adheres firmly to flat substances, on the same principle as a boy's leather sucker adheres to and lifts up a stone. The mouth is also in the form of a sucker, and is, moreover, furnished with three cartilaginous teeth, placed so as to form with each other a triangle. These teeth are very curious bodies. When examined, and felt with the point of the finger, they seem soft and blunt; but the animal, when about to pierce the skin, seems to have the power of erecting them into firm, sharp-edged lancets, which saw through the integuments in a single instant, and almost without inflicting any pain. Having made the puncture, the blood is extracted by a process of suction, and is passed through the œsophagus into the stomach, or rather stomachs, of the animal, which consist of a series of communicating cells, that occupy the greater part of the interior of its body. The leech having thus gorged itself to the utmost, if undisturbed, remains in a half-torpid condition till it has digested its gory meal, and not unfrequently dies of the surfeit. If it survives, it will have increased very greatly in size. Considering the myriads of these animals that exist congregated together in their native pools, it must only be on rare occasions that each individual of the group can get an opportunity of fastening on any of the larger animals, and thus obtaining a meal; in fact, such an occurrence may not happen in months, or even in a lifetime. It is said that they attack smaller animals, such as frogs and other reptiles, grubs, worms; and that they

will even prey on each other; though they suck the blood of living animals only. But even supposing that they have no access to blood, nature has endowed them with other resources. They can live for months and years on what appears pure water alone. This forms the singular circumstance in the diet of these animals. They delight to gorge themselves with a full meal of blood, even to a surfeit, and yet with plain water they live, grow, and seem to have the greatest enjoyment of existence. It would appear as if their three lancet-formed teeth, and their carnivorous appetites, were bestowed more for the benefit of man than for themselves, and that in their system of dietetics water is the rule, and blood the exception.

In a domestic state, leeches are frequently kept for years in a glass jar, without other food than clear river water; a change of which is necessary every few days. On this they thrive, and gradually increase in bulk. Occasionally, too, they change their skins, which come off in successive rings from their body. Now, as water is an inorganic substance, and, besides, does not contain all the elements of the animal tissues, we must suppose that, mingled with the clearest river water, there is always a sufficient quantity of vegetable infusion and minute animalcules, or other animal juices, to afford them a sufficiency of nourishment.

The medicinal leech is a native of many parts of Britain, but is now become very rare. It still is seen among the lakes of Westmoreland; but even, on the authority of Wordsworth's Leech-Gatherer, they are fast disappearing—

'Once I could meet with them on every side,
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.'

During the continental war, the British supply was completely exhausted, and a single leech not unfrequently sold for two shillings and sixpence, and even five shillings. Since the peace, the supply has been abundant from France and Spain. France is supplied chiefly from Straaburg, whence they are imported from Hungary, Turkey, Wallachia, and Russia, and kept in ponds. They are carried into France on spring wagons, and are contained in moistened bags, each bag containing one hundred and twenty leeches. Previous to 1834, upwards of forty-six millions of leeches were imported into France annually; at present, the numbers have decreased to seventeen millions. They are imported into London and Leith by sea, packed in little bags, which are occasionally moistened with water during the short voyage. In general, they arrive fresh and healthy; but they are not unfrequently liable to disease, which destroys great numbers. There are three sorts or sizes; the largest and middle sorts being reckoned the best. A large leech is calculated to abstract half an ounce of blood, besides the quantity which flows from the wound afterwards. The smaller sizes are comparatively inefficacious.

The test of a good leech is, that it should, when squeezed in the palm of the hand, contract into a firm ball, and not remain elongated and flabby. After having been used once, and gorged with blood, they are never so lively as before: for the most part they are dull, and will not readily bite. A leech suspected to contain blood may also be tested by applying to its mouth a little salt, when the contained blood will in a few seconds be ejected. This is one plan of making leeches disgorge their full of blood. If, when taken off, their mouth be placed in a little salt, they immediately sicken, and discharge the contents of their stomach. Another plan is to seize them by the obtuse end, and strip them firmly but slowly through the fingers. Others, again, place them in tepid water, and allow them to make the best of their luxurious meal; but in such cases the usual fate of gluttons and epicures sooner or latter cuts them off.

A common animal in the pools of this country is the horse-leech. It nearly resembles the other, but is of a more uniform black colour, and not so decidedly marked

with greenish streaks on the back as the medicinal species. The horse-leech has no great inclination to fasten on the human skin; but when it does so, it takes its fill, just like the other, and no more. There is a popular, but unfounded belief that, if a leech of this description do fasten on the skin, it will continue to suck and discharge the blood till every drop in the body is exhausted. Hence they are the dread of every school-boy who happens to wade with nailed legs into their domains.

The leech, like many other animals, appears to have a very nice sensibility in regard to atmospheric changes, and especially in what regards the electric modifications of the air. Before storms, or any sudden change in the atmosphere, the leech is seen in great activity, and darting up to the surface of the water in its jar. These animals too, at certain times, are found to move out of the water, and to remain for considerable periods clustered on the dry upper sides of their jar; while on other occasions they will remain for days immersed in the water near the bottom. They produce small eggs, which form into cocoons from which in due time the living young make their appearance.

The art of cupping, now generally practised, has greatly superseded the use of leeches. This art is an imitation of the natural process of the leech. It gives little pain, and is more speedily accomplished, but is not in all respects equally efficacious.

SHARK ADVENTURE.

Sailors, as is well known, bear a most deadly enmity towards the race of sharks. Hannibal's hostility to the Romans can give but a faint idea of the hostile feelings of sailors towards this monster of the deep. They will do almost anything towards capturing one; at any hour of the day or night, even when it is their watch below, they would willingly mount on deck to assist in the capture, or to witness its sufferings when on board. This feeling may arise from the frequent instances of sailors being deprived of their limbs, and often their lives, by sharks, and the superstitious feelings which exist among them that, if any one of their number dies on board, a shark is sure to know it, and will follow the ship until the body is thrown overboard, when it will immediately devour it. They regard, therefore, the capturing of a shark as an act of retributive justice; for though, as they are ready to admit, the poor victim that falls into their hands may have done nothing worthy of death, yet they look upon him as the representative of his race, and bestow their revenge accordingly.

The shark is very stealthy in his movements; he may be close about the ship without being perceived, though more frequently his approach is seen by the dorsal fin appearing a few inches above the water, but seldom any other part of the body is seen. My gentleman is no sooner seen, than the news fly fore and aft the ship that John is in the neighbourhood (John being a name generally applied to a shark). The fishing gear is immediately got ready, and which consists of a hook about eighteen inches long, made of bar iron the thickness of one's little finger; to the hook is attached a chain, and to the chain one of the stoutest spare ropes on board. The bait generally used is a piece of salt pork, four or five pounds in weight; this apparatus is thrown over the stern, and the bait kept about fifty yards from the ship. Now, though the shark is such an acknowledged gourmand, yet he does not always allow his voracity to get the better of his judgment; for when he first spies the alluring bait, he does not rashly snap at it, but swims around and beneath, and examines it attentively. Very frequently he makes off without attempting a bite; at other times he succeeds in nibbling the bait by degrees entirely away; and as frequently tears the whole piece off the hook; so that it is no easy matter to capture a shark. I have been for days in a ship followed by them, and every effort made to catch one, but in vain.

On one occasion we were followed by a shark to whom we had thrown an invitation, and which he was not long in accepting; for in the course of a few minutes he darted towards it, turned upon his back, and the next instant was seen plunging and lashing his tail in a most furious manner. We saw he had taken the hook, and was so far secured; but still he was but half caught, as the

sequel will prove. All the spare hands were called to lay on the shark line, in order to haul him on deck. We soon got him alongside; but on account of his violent plunging, found it impossible to get him on board, unless he was allowed to exhaust some of his immense strength. To assist this, our mate proposed harpooning him; and in the absence of a proper instrument, took the boat-hook, to which he attached a line, and after a few attempts, succeeded in fastening it in the fore part of the back, when, singular to relate, my gentleman, by a violent tug, snapped the rope, and made himself off with the boat-hook sticking like a flag-staff erect in his back. He remained in sight for some time, evidently very uneasy; but whether he succeeded in disengaging himself from this disagreeable appendage, I know not.—*Incidents of a Voyage from Liverpool to the Brazils, by One before the Mast.*

MINERAL WATERS IN FRANCE.

By a statistical return, which has been published by the Mining Department at Paris, it appears there are 864 mineral springs throughout the kingdom that are open to visitors, besides many other private ones. In the vicinity of the Pyrenees, the mountains in the centre of France, the Vosges, the north-western districts, the Alps, Jura, and Corsica, the Ardennes, Hainault, and different other parts, there are 474 warm mineral springs; 218 cold, but ferruginous properties; 172 ditto, strongly impregnated with iron—making a total of 864. In the vicinity of the Pyrenees, the mineral springs are the richest, particularly the warm. The department of the Upper Pyrenees has some of the finest establishments; two at Barèges, seven at Couterets, fourteen at Bagnes de Bigorre, and three others in the vicinity. These, the same as nearly all the others, were first opened by the Romans. The waters of St Christian, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, are so abundant that they work not only the wheels of the different iron factories, but are employed in the irrigation of the country, in consequence of their high temperature, and the saline qualities they possess, so much so, that, if there were not the restrictions imposed by government, an immense quantity of salt might be extracted annually. The springs of the department of Allier, of which there are twenty, run through granite rock and porphyry, and are strongly impregnated with mineral. In the department of the Puy-de-Dôme, there are about ninety mineral springs. In the Cantal, the Vosges, the Bouches-du-Rhône, Aix, Lyons, &c. the springs are warm, passing through extensive coal beds, strongly impregnated with iron, copper, and lead, and also a saline quality. The generality of the mineral waters in France are of a ferruginous nature; some, however, are strongly saline. The government has appointed a commission of the most scientific men to analyse the different springs throughout the kingdom, so as to see if they cannot be made useful to the commercial industry of the country. The profits arising from these mineral waters, and bathing, are annually upwards of £500,000, and likely to increase.

THE DRESS OF AUTHORS.

Anthony Magliabechi, who passed all his time among his books, had an old cloak, which served him for a gown in the day, and for bed-clothes at night; he had one straw chair for his table, and another for his bed, on which he generally remained fixed, in the midst of a heap of volumes and papers, until he was overpowered with sleep. Emerson the mathematician made one hat last him the greater part of his lifetime, the rim gradually lessening bit by bit, till little remained except the crown. Another 'shocking bad hat,' which belonged to a celebrated geologist of the present day, is honoured with a place among the curious relics of costume in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, to which valuable collection it was presented by some wagish university youths. In the 'History of Holy Ghost Chapel, Basingstoke' (1819), p. 51, it is stated that the Rev. Samuel Loggon, a great student of antiquities, 'used to wear two old shirts at once, saying that they were warmer than new ones.' Dr Paris, in his 'Life of Sir Humphry Davy,' tells us that this great philosopher was, in the busiest period of his career, so sparing of time, that he would not afford a moment to divesting himself of his dirty linen, but would slip clean linen over it. This practice he would continue, until as many as even six shirts were on his back at a time. When at length he had found leisure to extricate himself from all except the one that was clean, his bulk was so visibly and suddenly reduced, that his friends, not knowing the cause, would re-

mark that he was getting thinner with alarming rapidity. But their fears of his being in a consumption would shortly be removed, when shirt over shirt began to accumulate again. He was then like a plump caterpillar, existing under several skins. In later days, Davy became more attentive to the toilet; in fact, the thinking and busy philosopher merged into a frivolous fool, cultivating curls, and wearing piebald waistcoats of patchwork pattern. Shenstone was somewhat of an exquisite. He loved showy colours in dress, delighted in trinkets and perfumes, designed patterns for snuff-boxes, played music, sung, and painted flowers. He had, however, a great antipathy to card-playing and dancing; yet he says that ecstatic, rough, unsophisticated dancing, is one of the most natural expressions of delight, for it coincides with jumping for joy; but when it is done according to rule, it is, in his opinion, merely *cum ratione iacantia*. Benjamin Stillingfleet generally wore a full dress suit of cloth of the same uniform colour, with blue worsted stockings. In this dress he used frequently to attend Mrs Montague's literary evening parties, and as his conversation was very interesting, the ladies used to say, 'We can do nothing without the blue stockings;' hence arose the appellation of *bas blue*, or blue stocking, to literary ladies. Mezerai, the French historian, was so extremely susceptible of cold, that immediately on the setting in of winter, he provided himself with twelve pairs of stockings, all of which he sometimes wore at once. In the morning he always consulted his barometer, and, according to the greater or less degree of cold, put on so many more or fewer pairs of stockings.—In reference to the general seediness of literary costume, a recent writer has justly remarked, that to laugh—as has been the custom since the days of Juvenal—at the loutish manners, threadbare cloak, and clouted shoe of the mere man of letters, is a stale and heartless joke, for the poorest, threadbare, ungainly scholar (if he be indeed a scholar), is a gentleman in his feelings.

INFLUENCE OF AN ECLIPSE ON INSECTS.

Signor Villa of Milan thus describes the influence of the solar eclipse of July 1842 upon the manners of different insects, which he observed during its continuance:—The insects in general were very restless, moved their feelers strongly here and there, and hid themselves. Some genera disappeared before the darkness came on, others flew about till its commencement. Most of them again appeared about half an hour after the obscuration had passed away. It is curious that though the day-insects thus sought to conceal themselves as they do on the approach of night, yet none of the nocturnal species made their appearance.

MINING UNDER THE OCEAN.

The most extraordinary of the Cornish tin mines—says Mr Watson in his 'Glance at Cornish Mining'—was the 'Wherry,' established upon a shoal, near Penzance, about 720 feet from the beach at high water. The rock was covered about ten months in the twelve, and the depth of water on it at spring-tides nineteen feet; and in winter the sea burst over the rock in such a manner as to render useless all attempts to carry on mining operations. In the early part of the last century, attempts were made to work it, but abandoned as hopeless. Notwithstanding all the difficulties, however, a poor miner named Thomas Curtis, in 1788, had the boldness to renew the attempt, and, after innumerable difficulties, succeeded in forming a water-tight case, as an upper part of the shaft, against which the sea broke, while a communication with the shore was established by means of a wooden-frame bridge, as the work could only be prosecuted when the rock appeared above water. Three summers were consumed in sinking the pump shaft; and the use of machinery becoming practicable, the water-tight case was carried up a sufficient height above the reach of the highest spring-tides. To support this boarded turret from the violence of the surge, eight stout bars of iron were applied in an inclined direction to the sides. A platform of boards was then lashed round the top of the turret, supported by four poles, which were firmly connected with the iron rods. Upon this platform was fixed a winch for four men. The water, notwithstanding, forced its way through the shaft during the winter months, and it was not till April that work could be resumed. In the autumn of 1791, the depth of the pump shaft and of the workings was twenty-nine feet, the breadth eighteen feet. Twelve men were employed in pumping out the water for two hours, and then working on

the rock six more. Thirty sacks of tin stuff were taken on an average every tide; and ten men, in the space of six months, working about a tenth of that time, broke L800 worth. After a time, a steam-engine was erected on the green on shore, and hanging rods from it carried along the wooden bridge to the mine, and in this manner tin to the value of L70,000 was raised from it. While the work was in full operation, an American vessel broke from its anchorage in Gwasaw Lakes, and striking against the stage, demolished the machinery; thus putting an end to this ingenious and extraordinary undertaking.

THE SNOW-STORM.

[From *Scenes in My Native Land*, by Mrs L. H. Sigourney.
Boston. 1843.]

How quietly the snow comes down,
When all are fast asleep,
And plays a thousand fairy pranks
O'er vale and mountain steep.
How cunningly it finds its way
To every cranny small,
And creeps through even the slightest chink
In window or in wall.

To every nookless hill it brings
A fairer, purer crest
Than the rich ermine robe that decks
The haughtiest monarch's breast.
To every reaching spray it gives
Whate'er its hand can hold—
A beautiful thing the snow is
To all, both young and old.

The waking day, through curtaining haze,
Looks forth, with sore surprise,
To view what changes have been wrought
Since last she shut her eyes;
And a pleasant thing it is to see
The cottage children peep
From out the drift, that to their caves
Prolongs its rampart deep.

The patient farmer searches
His buried lambs to find,
And digs his silly poultry out,
Who clamour in the wind;
How sturdily he cuts his way,
Though wild blasts beat him back,
And caters for his waiting herd
Who shiver round the stack.

Right welcome are those feathery flakes
To the ruddy urchins' eye,
As down the long smooth hill they coast,
With shout and revelry;
Or when the moonlight, clear and cold,
Calls out their throng to play—
Oh! a merry gift the snow is
For a Christmas holiday.

The city miss, who, wrapt in fur,
Is lifted to the sleigh,
And borne so daintily to school
Along the crowded way,
Feels not within her pallid cheek
The rich blood mantling warm,
Like her who, laughing, shakes the snow
From powdered tress and form.

A tasteful hand the snow hath—
For on the storied pane
I saw its Alpine landscapes traced
With arch and sculptured fane,
Where high o'er hoary-headed cliffs
The dizzy Simplicon wound,
And old cathedrals reared their towers
With Gothic tracery bound.

I think it hath a tender heart,
For I marked it while it crept
To spread a sheltering mantle where
The infant blossom slept.
It doth to Earth a deed of love—
Though in a wintry way;
And her turf-gown will be greener
For the snow that's fallen to-day.

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